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Christmas at McCarthy's

GUPTILL

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Paine Publishing Company - - Dayton, Ohio

Christmas at McCarthy's

BY

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL

Author of "Christmas at Punkin Holler," "A Topsy Turvy Christmas," Etc.

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PAINE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Cast of Characters

PATRICK MCCARTHY, the most important man in the "tinement."
BRIDGET MCCARTHY - - - - - - - His Wife
MR. OPPERMAN - - - - - - - - A Jew
MRS. OPPERMAN - - - - - - - His Wife
LARS - - - - - - - - - A Swede
MRS. CHLOE WASHINGTON - - - - - Colored
MRS. FERRARI - - - - - - - Italian
MR. STRAUSS - - - - - - - Elsie's father, a German
ELSIE - - - - - - - "Tinement" Orphan
JIMMIE - - - - - - - - The News Boy

PATSY
KATIE
POMPEY
CONNIE
CLEOPATRA
MICKEY - - - Other Children of the "Tinement"
CAESAR
LUIGI
CARLOTTA
HILDA
TONY

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Christmas at McCarthy's

SCENE I.

(*Setting—The sidewalk outside of "Murphy's Tinement." Have a couple of low, wide steps, if possible. The children are gathered on and around these steps. Use plenty of children—as many as convenient. Small children from two to six or seven may be used as little brothers and sisters to those who have the speaking parts. As curtain rises, some of the children are playing "Button, button," on the lowest step, and others are playing "Hop-scotch" at one side. The smallest ones hug dilapidated dollies, rolled up from rags. One has a small wheel, such as might have been on a little cart, once. Enter Jimmy and Elsie—hurry along to group.*)

KATIE—Sold out so soon?

JIMMY—Ivery blissid paper av thim. Sure, 'twas the swate face of Ilsie did it. I do be a thinkin'. An' ivery sowl that bought a paper, almost, axed quistions about her. Guess they thought she was a high-born leddy, and me a stealthy, crapy kidnapper. Shure, an' she got a foine chanst to be a leddy, and she wouldn't take it, at all, at all! Think av that, now!

CONNIE—How could she get a chanst to be a leddy, when she's jist a bit av a colleen?

CLEOPATRA—Ah reck'n he means to be quality. Did some quality lady wanter stole yer, honey chile?

ELSIE—Lady wanted to take me 'way fum Jimmy. She said, fere was mine mutter dat her let me does papers to sell? And I wasn't selling dose papers at all! Jimmy was selling 'em. And I telled her mine mutter was to Himmel gone, and mine fader was all loss, and—

JIMMY—And she wanted to take her home to be her little gel, 'n whin I said we couldn't spare the sunny face av her, she tried to wheedle her away! Bad 'cess to her!

ELSIE—And she said I wasn't Jimmy's little sister at all, she did!

JIMMY—And she axed, she did, as purry as a cat, could we afford to kape a growin' choild that didn't belong to us, and I says to her, says I, "Ilsie belongs to the whole tinement, that she does!" And she axed how that was, and I told her how Mrs. Ferrari slapes her, and Mrs. Omstrom ates her, and Aunt Bridget washes her, and

Mrs. Washington minds her, and Mr. Opperman buys her bit clothes, and you girls kape her tidy, and I buy her hair ribbins, and she laughed, and called her a communerty orphin.

ELSIE—And I telled her I. wasn't no orfing, I was Jimmy's little sister, and she laughed some more, and she said I was pretty, and she gaved me this. (*shows quarter.*)

MICKY—Begorra, what a lot av money! It's a capitalist ye'll be afther being, like the Rocky feller.

JIMMY—And thin, bedad, she began to wheedle, and she promised her foine drisses, and a babby doll, and a cab to wheel it in, and iverything ye could think about, and more, too, begorry. And thin if she didn't up and offer her a Christmas tree!

KATIE—A Christmas tree! Why didn't she offer her the earth, with a noice little pick fince around it? And ye wouldn't lave us for a Christmas tree, Elsie darlint?

ELSIE—"No," I said, "Jimmy will buy me a Christmas tree a'reddy.

MICKEY—Like fun he will! Does she think Jimmy's a millionair?

JIMMY—And she asked where did we live, and I said, "over at the South side," says I, and I mutters "over the lift" to mesilf and says she, "I'm a coming to see yer mother," she says. And says I, wid the face av me as sober as a praste, "Me mither's me ant, for the rale mither av me's over in Ould Oirland in a churchyard, where she's been iver since jist before I was born, or jist afther, I forgit which, its so long ago."

ELSIE—And she laughed, and said she was going to haf her pretty baby, yet a'retty, but I won't with that lady go. I will stay with my Jimmy. Jimmy won't let her get me.

JIMMY—Don't worry the golden braids av yer, Ilsie love. I gave her shtrate way out at the South side that isn't there at all, at all, and bedad, she'll hunt awhile before she finds that addriss, and whin she does, it'll be the wrong one.

ELSIE—(*confidently*) And Jimmy will buy me a Christmas, won't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY—Maybe, Ilsie love, a little one.

ELSIE—No, a big one, with a big, big tree.

CAESAR—Dar don't no trees grow in de city, Ailsie honey, not cut down ones.

ELSIE—They grow the stores in. Mine fader always did buy me one.

LUIGI—Maybe we mighta, all togetta, buy a leedla one. I could de shoesa polish, and get some mon'.

CAESAR—An' I kin hold de gemman's hosses, 'n run arrantses.

MICKY—Let's all try hard and see if we can't get Elsie a little Christmas tree.

ELSIE—I don't a little Christmas want. I wants a big Christmas and a big tree, like mine fader always did me get.

KATIE—But you see, Elsie, we're all poor folks, and—

ELSIE—Jimmy will buy me a Christmas—a big Christmas, and a big tree. I know he will.

MICKY—Gee, Jimmy! It's up to you, all right.

MR. OPPERMAN—(*entering*) Vot vos up to Chimmy?

CAESAR—Ter cunjur up a big Christmas tree fo' Ailsie. She done boun' ter have one.

ELSIE—Mine fader did get me one always, Mr. Opperman.

OPPERMAN—Vell, vell, ve never did yet have van Christmas here yet a'retty, but meppe ve might half von leedle von, if ve all chip in togedder. Be patient a'retty, mine leedle fraulein, and ve'll see vot ve'll see!

ELSIE—But I don't want one little tree, I want one big one like mine fader always did me get. Jimmy will buy me one. I know he will. I'm Jimmy's little sister. He did buy for me these hair ribbons of the blue color.

CAESAR—You'll half ter do it, Jimmy, whedder or no, as de preachah say.

ELSIE—You know, Mr. Opperman. You one German was, too. You know the German kinder do always one big Christmas tree have. Mustn't I have one?

OPPERMAN—Vell, vell, leedle Madchen, I vos sure von Cherman, but I vos von Cherman Chew aretty. Der Chews no Christmas do keep, nor drees.

ELSIE—(*beginning to cry*) I must have one big Christmas tree. I must. And no one wants me my tree to have but Jimmy.

JIMMY—There, there, Ilsie, don't spoil the swate eyes av yez wid cryin', ans we'll think up a way somehow. (*Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Ferrari, Mrs. Omstrom, and Mrs. Washington come out and seat themselves on the steps.*)

CHLOE—(*taking Elsie into her lap*) What dey bin a doin' to mammy Chloe's li'l white lambie?

BRIDGET—Which av ye spalpeens hov bin afther makin' the wee colleen wape, now? Be shame to yez, who iver yez are!

ELSIE—They don't want me my Christmas to have a'retty.

BRIDGET—And who's bin afther puttin' Christmas into the hid av her? You, Jim, I'll bet a sixpince. Yez do spile the choild, most awful.

JIMMY—'Twasn't me, nather. 'Twas a foine leddy who wanted to adopt her, av yez plaze, or av yez don't plaze, either.

CHLOE—'Dopt her? Den she'd be quality, like she ottah be, but ole mammy Chloe would miss her li'l white missy.

BRIDGET—Bedad, an' she can't have her, thin. She's the baby of all Murphy's tinement, and betwane us we'll get up a Christmas for her if she's thot set on it. I kin take in an ixtry wash or two, mebbe. Sure me own little spalpeens have niver had a Christmas yit, nor Jimsie, naythur.

JIMMY—I don't need any, Aunt Bridget, but Elsie wants one that bad, she can't same to do widout it.

ELSIE—Mine fader did always one tree for me get.

CARLOTTA—How mucha one tree he costa?

OPPERMAN—Ve von leedle von could get vor—led me see—

ELSIE—I don't one little one want. I want one big one.

CHLOE—Shuah you do, ma honey. Like de quality allers has, a-settin' in de parlah, an' a-reachin' clar up to de high ceilin', wid candles a-twinklin' an' pretty tings a-shinin'. Mammy's seen 'em, in de Souf. If we was dah, now! Dey grows dah, an' Pompey could go out wid his axe an' cut one down fo' his li'l Missy.

ELSIE—(*very eager*) Yes, Mammy Chloe, that just what I want! Just like the tree I always did have every Christmas.

CARLOTTA—But where we so mucha mon' getta?

HILDA—They haff the so large trees the churches in. What bane they do with them after?

OPPERMAN—Dot vos so! Dot Svede voman vos one pargin hunter a'retty. Dot tree be segond hand de day after de Christmas, and he gome cheap.

CHLOE—Mah Pompey he know dah sextant ob dat big chu'ch on Ellum Street, 'n ah reckon he'll git it mo'n cheap. Yo' shill hab yo' tree, Ailsie lamb.

TONY—I wanta tree, too.

ELSIE—It will be one tree for everbody, a'retty.

BRIDGET—So it shall. The entire communerty of inhabitints is invoited to be prisint at a gran Christmas party, with a tree, refrishments and an intertainmint, in McCarthy's fore room the noight afther Christmas.

ELSIE—No, not the night after; I want it the Christmas Day on.

BRIDGET—And so it will be, bedad! I hereby make the announcemint that Christmas at McCarthy's will be the twinty-sixth of Dacimber this year, and thot's whin we'll have our grand hippodromy.

MICKEY—Begorry, it's mither knows the grand worrds!

CARLOTTA—My Antonio, he giva da peanutta and da poppa, and da bambinos sewa it da stringa on.

HILDA—I can sweetmeats make.

CHLOE—Ole Chloe know how make all de good tings—de crullahs an' cakes.

KATIE—Mither makes foine melasses candy.

BRIDGET—Yis, 'n I know how to make a whole cirrcus of animiles, all av cooky dough.

OPPERMAN—Mine brudder he work a varm on. I git him zum abbles me to send. I—I—I gif von prezent to efery laddy in der tinemint!

CHLOE—Purty good foh an ole bach! He, he! Chloe knows how to mek a heap o' li'l knick-knacks out o' nuffin. I show yo' li'l gals how mek de nice Christmas gif'. Yo' wait'n see.

JIMMY—And everybody there must have somethin' fer Ilsie, fer 'twas her got it up. Murphy's tinemint niver kipt Christmas before,

BRIDGET—It's goin' ter do thot same this year, me bye. Remimber, at McCarthy's the avenin of the twinty-sixth, and ivery blissed sowl must do something for the grand vodyville intertainmint.

OPPERMAN—But vy your rooms, instead of dose room of mine? Mine der piggest is, und downstairs, a'retty, und you all vould velcome be.

BRIDGET—Sure yours is the biggest, an' the most cluttered, I'd be thinkin.' Yez see, Mr. Opperman, yer one room is pretty well filled wid yer shtove an' yer bed, an' yer table, an' all your clutter, which a old bachelor niver doos pick up nor clane up, and me own fore room is large and nearly impty, wid the parlor set Oi'll be afther havin' some day shtill in the shtore, and it's the foine place for the parrty, nayther way up shtairs nor way down, an' it's there let it be.

CHLOE—(*starting up*) Dar's de whistle a-blowin', chillen. Pappy'll be hum ter he suppah in two shakes ob a lamb's tale. (*All the women hurry in, and the children stand up, and wave their hands and shout.*)

MICKY—Three chairs fer Christmas at McCarthy's!

ALL—Rah, rah rah! (*Run off in both directions.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

(*McCarthy's "fore room," with "the tree" in the corner. To make the tree, take three old umbrellas—the skeletons only. They should be open. Plant the handle of the first one in a tub of earth, strengthening it, and making it firmer, by four pieces of wire fastened to the ribs, coming down, obliquely, and anchoring firmly to the tub. A second umbrella is fastened to the first, the handle of this one running down by the central wire of the first, and the two wired firmly together. A third one—and this should be one with a "crookhandle," hangs downward from the ceiling, just above the second. Wire till all is firm and strong, but have the work crude. This "tree" is draped with green tissue paper, cut into leaves of every size and shape. Flowers and ornaments of bright tissue paper adorn it, and to every point is firmly fastened a piece of candle. The ornaments should be very simple—cut-out hearts, stars, etc., paper chains, lanterns, and Jacob's ladders, etc. At the top is fastened a large star, covered with the silver foil that comes around compressed yeast cakes. This should have rays of broomstraws, also covered with the foil. There should be a great deal of ornament. Here and there are a few pieces of the gay-colored glass balls used for decorating Christmas trees. Strings of popcorn and cranberries also adorn the tree. Hovering over the top is a paper angel, and at the bottom is a penny picture of the nativity. There should be a good many penny sticks of candy on the tree, and a few "oranges" of crepe or tissue paper. A large basket of apples stands near the tree, while another basket and the floor around are heaped with "the prisints," in all sorts of rude bundles. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy are alone in the room, giving the last touches to "the tree."*)

BRIDGET—Sure, and it's one grand evint for Murphy's tinemint! Look at thot tree now, will yez? Who but Jimmy wood iver have thought av it! Sure the Baby's eyes were full av tears, and she shtamped the little fut av her, and she says, says she, "Khristhmas is the twinty-fifth av Dacimber, not the twinty-sixth," says she. Ivery buddy do be a saying so, and I won't have a second hand Christmas, Jimmy, I won't. And little cud she know av the high cost of living. She wud have a big tree, and she would have it to-night. Bedad, if't had bin one av me own little spalpeens, I'd have given her a taste av me hand, where it wud do the most good, but ye can't spank an orphin, and I was that distracted I didn't know what to do, but Jimmy, he says, says he, pert as an eyster, "We'll

have it the roight night, Ilsie, if it'll bitter suit yez. And we won't have no second hand tree, nuther," says he. "We'll have a brand new, original kind't nobuddy niver had before." And Ilsie she stopped a wapin', and began to look interested." "And ye must promise me that ye're goin' ter loike it," he says, 'cause Jimmy's plannin' it all for his little sister, to make her happy.

Sure and ivery one in the tinemint has brought a prisint for Ilsie, It's rich she'll be whin it's over, I do be a-thinkin'.

PAT—She will that same. And begorry, it *is* a foine tree, and ivery choild in the tinemint will injye it, I do be a-thinkin. Arrah! here they come! (*Voices outside. Jimmy speaks up loudly.*)

JIMMY—No, no, now. No breakin' ranks. Kape in yer places, now, and no crowdin'. It's two and two ye're afther goin' in, as Noah's beasties wint inter the Ark. And Ilsie's a comin' first, cause if't hadn't bin fer Ilsie there wudn't a one of ye had a spick av a Christmas, no more than ye iver did afore.

ELSIE—I want to go in *now*, Jimmy, I do.

JIMMY—Thin knock thray toimes on the dure wit' yer fairy wand, and if the little payple have all shcampered out av soight, the dure'll open. (*Three knocks are heard, Pat swings open the door, and all march in.*)

CHILDREN—Oh! Ah! It's the beautiful tree!

JIMMY—Merry Christmas, iverybody!

CHILDREN—(*enthusiastically*) Merry Christmas, iverybody! (*The grown people have followed the children into the room. There should be improvised seats of boxes, barrels, and boards. They seat themselves, and look expectantly at Elsie.*)

(*Elsie buries her face on Jimmy's shoulder and begins to cry.*)

JIMMY—Fhwat ails yez, Ilsie darlint? Tell Jimmy fhwat's the matter av ye!

ELSIE—It—it is *not* one Christmas tree, aretty. It—it is not one tree at all.

JIMMY—Sure it is. Don't yez see the green on the branches av it?

ELSIE—(*looking up a minute*) They is not no branches at all.

PAT—Thin what be they?

ELSIE—I don't know, but they no branches are, and that no tree is, whatever.

OTHER CHILDREN—(*indignantly*) It's a foine tree!

ELSIE—It is not no tree at all! Jimmy, you did said I should have one.

JIMMY—And you said you wud loike it if Jimmy got it for yez, and now yez don't. Oh, Ilsie, pit!

KATIE—(*kneeling by Elsie*) Ilsie, darlint, poor Jimmy fales awful bad. Do yez want him to crry?

ELSIE—I do feel bad, too, Katie. He said I should have a Christmas tree, he did!

KATIE—And he got ye one—a foine one! "Sure," says he, "She's had German trees a lot av toimes, but she's niver had one av this koind, and bedad, Oi'll git it fer her, cost it what it will", says he; and he's done it, and now yez don't loike it! That isn't a nice grateful little Ilsie at all.

ELSIE—Is it a tree, really Katie—one new kind, aretty?

KATIE—It is thot same, colleen Bawn. It's—it's—dear me, I disremember the name av it.

PAT—It's a Pollyglot tree, that's fhwat it is, and a rare koind, too. And to think she doosn't care fer thot same, whin Jimmy got it be purpose for her!

ELSIE—I do like it, aretty. Jimmy, don't you cry once. It's a nice new kind of a tree, and I does like it.

JIMMY—Thin thray cheers fer the grand Christmas tree! (*all join.*)

ELSIE—There candy is on it, and candles, and the angel flies over the top aretty. It is a nice tree, Jimmy.

TONY—I wants candy.

CARLOTTA—Not yet-a is the candy time-a. Mia bambino mus' wait-a.

BRIDGET—Yis, furrst is the grand vodyville intertainmint by the inhabitints of Murphy's tinemint. Read off the names, Katy darlint.

KATY—First is the spache av wilcome, by Patrick O'Rafferty McCarthy.

PATRICK—Highly honored frinds and nayborrs. We are gathered here to-night—to-night, we are gathered here—to—to—

BRIDGET—(*in a stage whisper*) To celebrate.

PATRICK—Oh yis. To celebrate. We're gathered here to celebrate. (*Scratches head.*) We're gathered here to celebrate—and—and—we're doing av thot same.

BRIDGET—(*whispers*) It's a joyful occasion.

PATRICK—Bedad, and it isn't thin. It's anything but a jyful occasion whin yez have a spache to make and can't remimber a worrd av it! 'Twas Biddy and Katie wrote it, and begorry they'll have to say it, if it's said. The mate in the shell av it is this. We've got up this shindy fer the orphin in our midst, little Islie, bliss the blue eyes av her! who belongs to ivery one av us, and fer our own little childher as well—the poor little spalpeens that we've chated out av a Christmas ivery year because we wasn't Carniggy's. We're a

holdin' it here in McCarthy's fore room, be the razin that it's the biggest room in the tinemint, with the ixception of Opperman's, which he ginerously offered, but which was so cluttered 'twould have taxed the patience av a saint to thry to pick it up. So it's here, as yez see, and it's wilcome yez are, ivery one, Catholic and heretic, Jew, and Gintile, to hilp kape the birthday av one little Child, by making other childer happy. Wilcome to iverybody. Wilcome to the Christmas at McCarthy's. (*sits down.*)

(*All, clapping and stamping.*)

Foine! Great! (*and so on.*) (*Every number on the program must be vociferously applauded.*)

KATIE—Nixt is a recitation by Patsy McCarthy, Junior.

BRIDGET—Shpake up, Patsy love, and do as well as ould Patsy did, now.

PATSY—

Bedad, Oi'm glad it's Christmas time.
Oi'm glad we've got a tree.
Oi'm glad that something on it hangs,
Fer Ilsie and fer me! Amen!

KATIE—No, no, Patsy, the amen didn't belong there.

PATSY—(*running to his mother*) Oll roight, Katie, you kin take it aff! (*All laugh.*)

MR. OPPERMAN—He von smart poy was, aretty, vor year old, ain't it?

BRIDGET—Thank yez kindly, Mr. Opperman, he was that, jist loike the feyther av him. Oi always did say thot Pat wud have made a foine orayter if he'd had the iddycation fer thot same.

KATIE—Nixt is a song of Italy in the original Eyetalian, by Mrs. Carlotta Ferrari. (*Carlotta may sing any little Italian song, or a bit from one of the Italian operas.*)

KATIE—Nixt is a rale darkey breakdown, as danced on the Southern plantashins at Christmas time. Danced by Caesar Augustus Lincoln Washington. His dady will accompany him on the banjo, a rale truly Southern instermint, which he brung from Alabamy. (*Pompey plays and Caesar dances, cuts "pigeon wings," etc., and ends up with an elaborate bow to the audience, then walks on his hands to his seat.*)

KATIE—Nixt is a recitation by Miss Ilsie Strauss.

ELSIE—

The world was silent and starry and still.
A bright star shone over Bethlehem's hill.
A dear little Child in the manger lay,
And that was the very first Christmas Day.
The wise men brought rich gifts of gold.
We bring our gifts, as they did of old;
And sing our carols, so glad and gay,
The whole world is keeping the Christmas Day.

BRIDGET—Bless the swate heart av her! She remimbered thot from last year!

ELSIE—I always did say it at my Christmas tree, and then I did mine hymn sing.

MR. OPPERMAN—Sing it now for us, aretty. (*Elsie sings Martin Luther's cradle hymn, which begins, "Away in a Manger."*)

KATIE—Nixt is a Christmas flag drill, as given at school, wid variations. Yez see, we do it at school wid the Shtars and Shtripes, but we made these Christmas flags at school and the teacher fixed the worruds over, and made the hull thing as Christmassy as ye plaze. And she said we'se moight kape the flags, av we loiked, so we did loike to do that same and here they be, thimsilves. (*She goes out a minute and returns with the flags, which she gives out to the children who are to take part in the drill. Half the flags are of red, half of Christmas green, each with a large gold star in the corner.*)

KATIE—Give us all the room yez can, now, and we'll do it as well as the space'll let us.

ELSIE—We cannot up and down the aisles march, Katie.

KATIE—Yis, ye can. Jist ye follow the laders, and we'll march up and down the imaginary aisles, as grand az ye plaze. Riddy, now. (*All take places, the girls, in order of size, behind Katie—the boys behind Jimmy.*) This is the kay, now. Sound it. (*All do so, and the march and song begin. *Tune: "Wave, Old Glory." As they sing, they march up and down the "imaginary aisles."*)

SONG.

We are happy little children, at the Christmas time,
See us gaily marching, marching, while our voices chime.
See the flag now wave before us, with its golden star,
Telling of the Child once born in Bethlehem afar.

---

*Furnished by the publishers of this book. Sheet music, price, twenty-five cents.

CHRISTMAS AT McCARTHY'S

Chorus:

Wave your banner, wave it gladly, sing in happy glee.
Let the Christmas chimes re-echo over land and sea.

Evergreen the Christmas story, never shall it die.
Red the color bright of glory, streaming from the sky.
Golden are the stars of Christmas in the heavens so high,
Glorious was the Star that shone afar in Syria's sky.

Chorus:

Wave your banner, wave it gladly, with its golden star,
While the happy children's voices echo near and far.

Let the Christmas joy and gladness in our hearts keep time,
While the Christmas bells are pealing forth their merry chime.
Let us all pass on the blessing sent us from above.
This the keynote of the day, the Christmas watch-word, "Love."

Chorus:

Wave your banners, wave them gladly while your voices chime.
'Tis the golden time of year, the happy Christmas time.

(*At close of song, go on with the following drill.*)

DRILL.

FIG. 1.—Leaders meet, hold flags high, while others march under, and around, in two circles, twice. When they come the third time, they form in line behind others and raise flags, forming long arch. Back couple march down through it, and then up, outside it, to place, but do not raise flags this time. Next couple repeat this, till all have done so, and are in place once more.

FIG. 2.—March backward till two lines are as far apart as space will permit, then march forward, flags waving, through opposite lines to other side, turn and repeat.

FIG. 3.—March to form two circles, girls inside. Boys march completely around them, then wind in and out around circle, then pass in and form circle inside.

FIG. 4.—Girls repeat Fig. 3.

FIG. 5.—Girls, now in inner circle, march around one way, boys the other. When they have gone around once this way, they wind the "grand right and left," crossing flags with each one met; passing to the right of the first one met, and to the left of the next one met. Continue thus around circle.

FIG. 6.—Boys step back, making larger circle, girls step in between boys, making one large circle. March around once, flags waving,

then all face centre. All march in toward centre, flags held high and forward. When near enough to centre so that flags nearly touch in a high point, march around in a wheel, then back to places again.

FIG. 7.—Boys form line, girls form line in front of them. Boys march around end of this line, and form line in front of girls. Girls do same. Continue as many times as space allows.

FIG. 8.—Girls pass one way, boys the other, meet at back and march to centre in spiral, first a girl, then a boy. At centre, turn and unwind spiral.

FIG. 9.—Come down to front, all abreast, flags waving, and bow, waving flags with a wide sweep.

FIG. 10.—March up in pairs, separate, pass to sides.

KATIE—Sure and we can't lade thim to their seats, for they haven't any, bedad, so we'll call the drill inded, and hope ye loiked it.

PAT—Thot we did, Katie darlint. 'Twas foine.

BRIDGET—Illigant!

MR. OPPERMAN—It vos von britty zight, aretty.

CHLOE—And to tink dey-all larn dat in de school!

CARLOTTA—It is da poetry and da music and da rhythm, all in one-a.

LARS—And zey bane (*points as he counts*) one, two, tree, four, fife nations. And all bane learning und singing like one. (*It would be nice to have Lars count in Swedish, if he can—the author cannot.*)

POMPEY—But dey-all all like heah in de Nof. Black or white, all same as one.

BRIDGET—They are that same, in this blissid counthry. Here's your little pickaninnies, and the little Swades, the Eyetalian childher and the Germans, and me own little Irish colleens, all aloike good frinds, and singing all togither the Christmas songs.

CONNIE—We aren't Irish and Naygurs and Swades and sich, mither, we're Americans, ivery wan av us. Tacher says so.

PAT—And so yez are, God bliss yez, ivery one. Sing thot song ye larned in school—"My Own America, I Love but Thee."*

MICKEY—That ain't a Christmas song, feyther.

PAT—It's good enough fer Christmas or any other day in the year. Sing it. Pipe up, Katy gurl. (*Katy does so, and they sing.*)

MR. OPPERMAN—(*at close of song*) Dot vos von goot song, for certain.

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*This song is published by Paine Publishing Company. Sheet music, price, twenty-five cents.

KATIE—Nixt is a recitation by James Terence O'Neal.

(*Plenty of material for the children's recitations can be found in any Christmas collection. The ones referred to are in the little book, "Original Christmas Recitations," by the author of this play, and will be sent for fifteen cents to any address, by the publishers of this play. Each child should deliver his recitation in the same brogue, or accent, he uses in the rest of the play. Of course, if any of the "pieces" are changed, the comments immediately after must be changed, also.*)

(*Jimmy recites "Vice Versa."*)

PAT—No danger av yez iver goin' there, Jimsy bye, if turrkey's the only thing that takes yez. If it was porrk and praties, now—

JIMMY—You and I'd both go, wouldn't we, Uncle Pat?

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by Master Antonio Ferarri, Junior.

TONY—

"'Fi's a leetla orphan, wif no share in the Kissmiss joy,
I'd jus' dopt ole Santa Clausa, and be hees leetla boy."

MR. OPPERMAN—A goot chooze, dot vould be, aretty.

ELSIE—I wouldn't. I'd 'dopt my Jimmy, and his little sister be.

JIMMY—Just like you did, Ilsie darlint.

KATIE—Nixt is a ralę plantation song by the Washington famerly, the hull four av thim.

CHLOE—Yo ottah call it a quahtette, honey. Dat's de stylish name. (*Pompey plays his banjo, and they all sing. Any of the old Southern Darkey songs will do—not the ragtime coon song of to-day.*)

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by our esteemed frind and fellow bachelor, Mr. Fritz Opperman.

MR. OPPERMAN—Bud I don't vos knew any Gristmas biece, aretty. I voz von Jew, you see, Miss Kadie.

KATIE—But yez kin say some dandy ones. Niver moind the Christmas part, Mr. Opperman. Jist spale off a funny one. (*Mr. Opperman recites any comic poem in Dutch dialect.*)

MR. OPPERMAN—Now id vos other poddy's durn, aretty yet.

KATIE—Yis, it's Mickey's. Masther Saint Michael McCarthy will now spake a ricitation. (*Mickey recites "Santa's Mistake."*)

BRIDGET—(*at close*) Sure, an' I haven't thin, Mickey, bye. Oi'd be proud to have a dozin as foine ones as me own three are, and if the ould Saint laves me anither Oi'll kape me eyes on yez, Oi will thot.

MICKEY—(*looking over Katie's shoulder*) Nixt Luigi will play us a chune on his fiddle.

KATIE—(*pushing him*) Be off wid yez! Is that a pretty way to say it, now? Nixt, is a violin doit, by the great Italian musishin—Misther Antonio Ferrari, and his son Masther Luigi ditto.

LUIGI—Ditto not my name-a. (*Antonio and Luigi play, Luigi playing second part, preferably something distinctly Italian. If desired, Carlotta and Bianca may sing, in Italian.*)

PAT—I doos loike a good fiddle chune.

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by Miss Thelma Omstrom. (*Thelma recites "The Birdie's Tree."*)

MR. OPPERMAN—Dot von goot ting to do vos, aretty.

HILDA—We always do so in Sweden. The birrds their Chrissmas haff as well as the little ones.

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by Miss Constantia Erin McCarthy. (*Connie recites "Baby's Shopping."*)

PAT—The littel spalpeen. If thot wasn't a good joke now!

KATIE—Nixt is an ould Latin hymn, as sung in the Catholic churches, by Mrs. Bridget Maloney McCarthy, who was once a soloist in the church in Kerry. (*Bridget sings "Adeste Fidelis," or some other old Christmas hymn. If preferred, she may sing in English, but the old Latin hymns are very beautiful.*)

PAT—Sure, and Oi heard her a singing thot same hymn one Christmas in ould Oirland. Oi'd been to say me mither's ant, in Kerry, and was a going home the nixt day. But I didn't. "Begorry, thot's the vice, fer me," says I, and I stayed and coorted the singer.

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by Miss Bianca Ferrari. (*Bianca recites "What They Found."*)

LARS—Take a warning, you Luigi boy, and don't bane tease your sister any more.

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by Miss Cleopatry Harriet Beecher Stowe Washington.

CLEOPATRA—'Twarn't no resh'tashing. 'Twar a song—a lullerby.

KATIE—Shure and it was thot same. Ixcuse me, Cleo.

CLEOPATRA—Whah's my pick-a-ninny, Mammy? (*Mammy takes from a capacious pocket a rag doll rolled up from an old black stocking, with features sewed on, and a cap and long dress of white.*)

CHLOE—Heah she am, honey chile. Sing her to sleep now. (*Cleopatra may sing any darkey lullaby.*)

HILDA—A sweet little song, and nicely singed.

KATIE—Nixt is a ricitation by Carl Omstrom. (*Carl recites "A Ten Cent Christmas."*)

LARS—(*at close of recitation*) And I did buy effery one of tem for some one here. I bane had a real dime.

KATIE—And now, as Mr. Lars Omstrom and Mrs. Hilda Omstrom have begged to be ixcused, we will ind this programme by a good rousing Christmas carol, sung by iverbuddy.

JIMMY—No, yez don't. Miss Katherine McCarthy hasn't done her share yit.

KATIE—Yis I did, Jimmy. I read the programme.

MICKY—No go. Ye've got ter sing, Katie.

KATIE—But I wasn't ixpicting to do that same, and—

PAT—Niver moind the appollygies. Give 'em "Rory O-More," Katy love. (*Katy sings "Rory O'More," or any preferred Irish song.*)

KATIE—And now fer the grand final choris! Iverrybuddy sing. (*All sing any chosen Christmas Carol, old or new. At the end, Mr. Strauss, Elsie's father, walks in.*)

MR. STRAUSS—A vine ghorus, dot! Dey dold me I should mine leetle Elsie find here.

ELSIE—(*springing into his arms*) Mine fader! Oh, mine fader! How did you yourselluf find, aretty?

MR. STRAUSS—Mine own leedle von! Und your mutter is died, dey zay.

ELSIE—Ya, and you did lost yourselluf, and—

MR. STRAUSS—I vos not loss, I vos seeck, so long dime mine head mitout, and could not the American talk remember. Mine uncle has died, Elsie, und I am a rich man, aretty.

ELSIE—I was a rich girl, too, mine fader. See the grand Christmas tree we have on that corner. It is mine tree. Jimmy got it for me.

MR. STRAUSS—I vill go and buy von big real tree aretty, mine Elsie, with candles and ornaments and gifts, and all these shall see.

ELSIE—I'd rather have this tree, mine fader. I do this tree like.

MR. STRAUSS—Den dis tree you shall have, mine Elsie, and New Years' Day we will one big tree have, mine country blace out at, and all these shall come, who have mine Elsie bin goot to, aretty.

JIMMY—Are you going to take Elsie away, sir?

ELSIE—I can't from Jimmy away go. Mine Jimmy must with us go, mine fader. I vos Jimmy's little sister.

MR. OPPERMAN—It vos dot Chimmy dot did find her crying the street in, and pring her here.

MR. STRAUSS—And you cared for her? You did not let her to the Orphan asylum go? But you are poor people. How you do it?

PAT—Sure we did it betwane us, and nobody missed the bite and sup the wee colleen took. But she's the loight av all our eyes, sir, and we shall miss her sadly. Indade we shall.

MR. STRAUSS—She shall come back. She often shall come. And all you who so kind have been shall come her to see. Ve never our friends shall forget, who cared for mine Elsie.

ELSIE—But Jimmy must go, mine fader. I will not without mine Jimmy go.

MR. STRAUSS—But his mudder, Elsie, she will not him let go.

ELSIE—*I* will let him go. He is mine Jimmy! And he has no mudder.

MR. STRAUSS—No mudder? How dot vos? Who dot poy belong to aretty?

BRIDGET—He was my sister's bye, and as good a bye as iver walked on two ligs.

MR. STRAUSS—Let him come mine poy to be—mine Elsie's brodder. He shall von edugation have, and in mine pusiness be, by and by. Vill you mine poy be, Chimmy?

BRIDGET—Sure and he will. It's not mesilf will stand in his loight, and he desarves all the good things he'll get. It's sorry we'll be to lose him and Ilsie too. Bedad she's the babby av the whole tinemint —but—Whisht there, Connie! ye musn't wape. There's the three to be loighted, and all the prisints and the candy and apples. All roise, now, and say Wilcome, and we'll be afther lighting thot three. (*All rise, and shout heartily.*) Welcome, welcome to Elsie's father! Rah! Rah! Rah!

ELSIE—I want the candles to light. Jimmy did say I might! (*Her father holds her up and she lights one or two, to the accompaniment of the children's "oh's"! and "ah's"! as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

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